

Cinderella

2000

Jean-Pierre Petit



The Association Knowledge without Borders, founded and chaired by Professor Jean-Pierre Petit, astrophysicist, aims at spreading scientific and technical knowledge in as many countries as possible and in as many languages as possible. To this end, all his popular scientific works, which cover a period of thirty years, and more particularly the illustrated albums he has created, are now freely accessible. Anyone is now free to duplicate the present file, either in digital form or in the form of printed copies and circulate these copies to libraries , within the context of schools or universities or associations whose aims would be the same as the association , provided that they do not derive any profit from this circulation and that they do not have any political, sectarian or confessional connotations. These pdf files may also be put on line in the computer networks of school and university libraries.



Jean-Pierre Petit intends to create numerous other works which will be accessible to a larger audience. Even illiterate people will be able to read them because the written parts will "speak" when the readers click on them. Thus it will be possible to use these works to support literacy schemes. Other albums will be "bilingual" in so far as it will be possible to switch from one language to another selected language with a mere click. Hence another tool made available to develop language skills.

Jean-Pierre Petit was born in 1937. He made his career in French research. He worked as a plasma physicist, he directed a computer science centre, he has created softwares, he has published hundreds of articles in scientific magazines, dealing with subjects ranging from fluid mechanics to theoretical cosmology. He has published about thirty books which have been translated in numerous languages.

The association can be contacted on the following internet site:

<http://savoir-sans-frontieres.com>

In a quiet and peaceful kingdom King George seems worried

What is Philip doing now ?

It is obvious that he has not gone hunting.
His bow and arrow sheath are still here.

His horse is in the stables.
Where in heaven is my son?

What, don't tell me
he is still...?

Philip, what are you
making by heaven.

A machine father
a machine to fly with.

Fly, like the birds?
But if the Lord had
wished it to be so he
would have given
us feathers.

Bats don't have
feathers and they
fly just as well
as birds as far
as I know.

Making wings like theirs
is a simple matter. There is only
one thing missing: the force to
move them. What mechanism could
make such a miracle possible ?

Do you realize that you haven't yet taken a wife, that there is no heir to the kingdom and that I'm starting to get old.

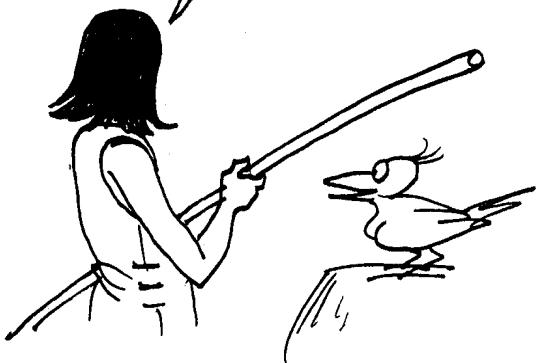


Yes father, but to bring a man and a woman together they need to have things in common yet none of the women you've presented show the slightest interest in flying.

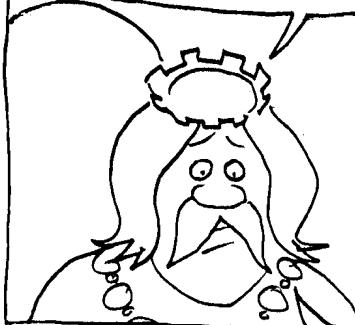
How will you recognize the woman of your dreams ?

Will she be a bird-woman or a bat-woman ?

A magician told me that I will recognize her as soon as I see her.

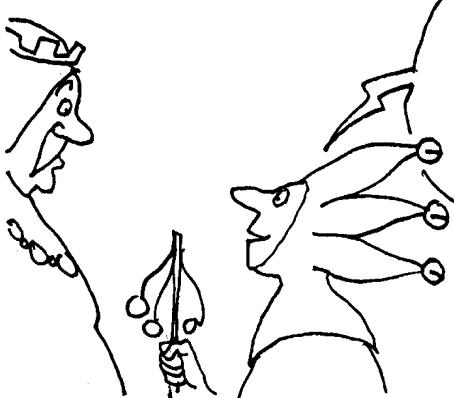


My son is mad



he chases chimera. And meanwhile, the years pass, pass...

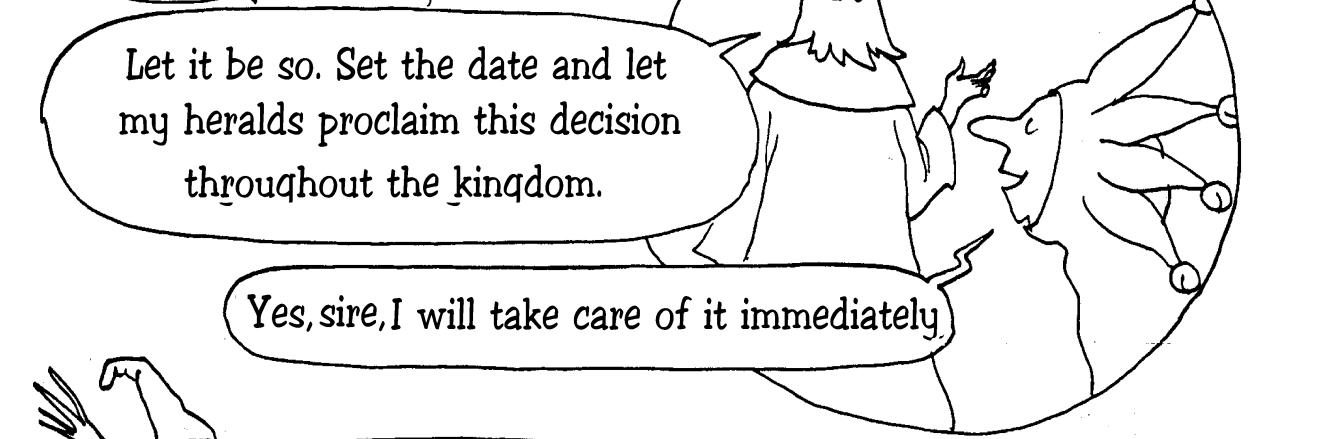
Sire, do not be sad. This rare bird must surely exist somewhere in the kingdom. You should organize a great ball and invite all the girls suitable for marriage.





A great ball, hmm...but at which we will only invite girls of high rank.

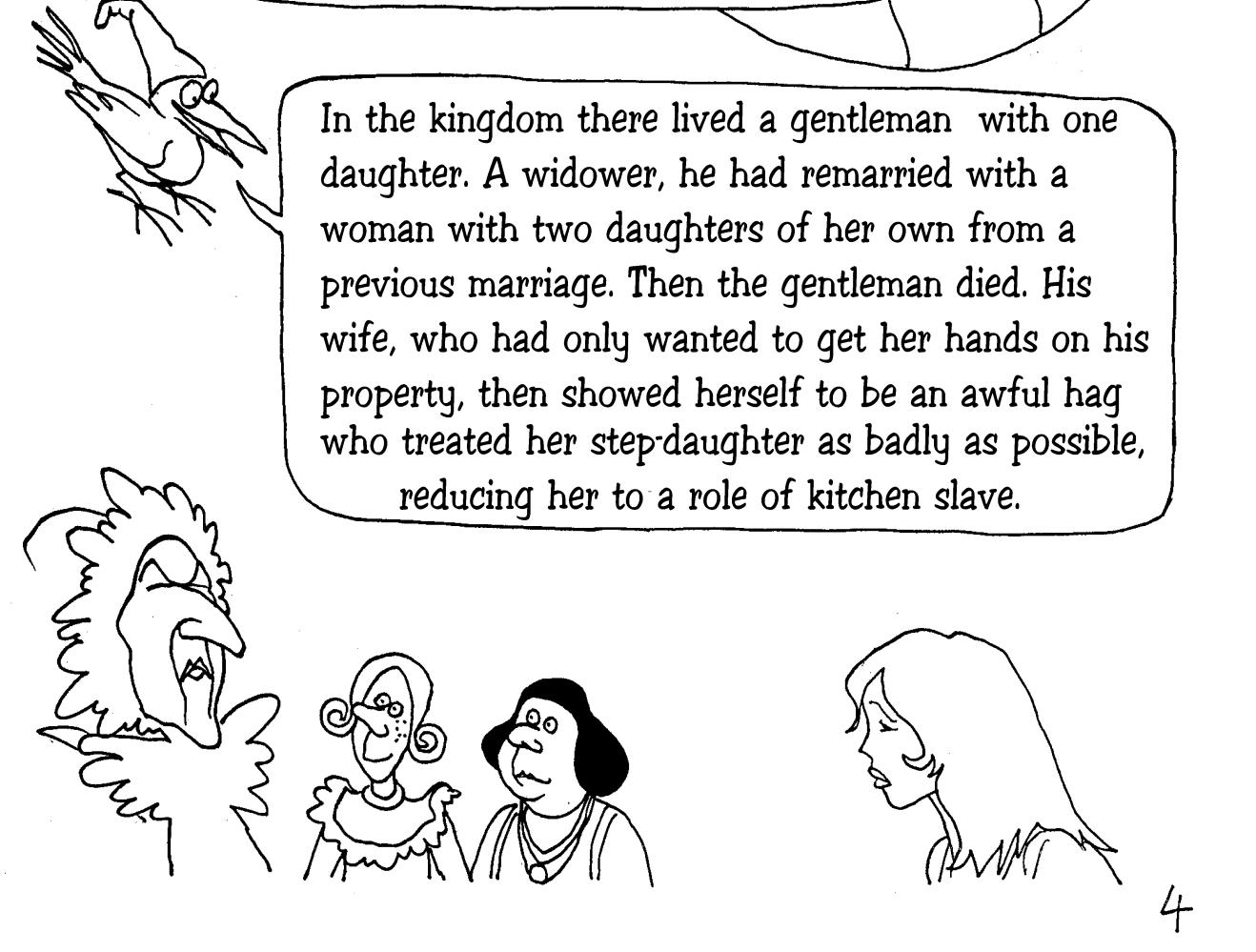
That goes without saying, but Philip doesn't care much for princesses. To help things along, I suggest your majesty organize a masked ball.



Let it be so. Set the date and let my heralds proclaim this decision throughout the kingdom.



Yes, sire, I will take care of it immediately.

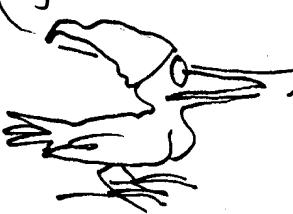


In the kingdom there lived a gentleman with one daughter. A widower, he had remarried with a woman with two daughters of her own from a previous marriage. Then the gentleman died. His wife, who had only wanted to get her hands on his property, then showed herself to be an awful hag who treated her step-daughter as badly as possible, reducing her to a role of kitchen slave.



Dressed in rags, treated with harshness by her stepmother, every day carrying out the most ungrateful tasks until nightfall.

It was her custom then to sit in the ashes of the fireplace



which is why she was given the name Cinderella.



Look, here is the King's herald. What does he want ?



Open the door dear ladies. I bear a message from his majesty King George

On the tenth day of the next month every young lady without exception must reply to his invitation a masked ball. All girls of marriageable age of a certain social standing of course.

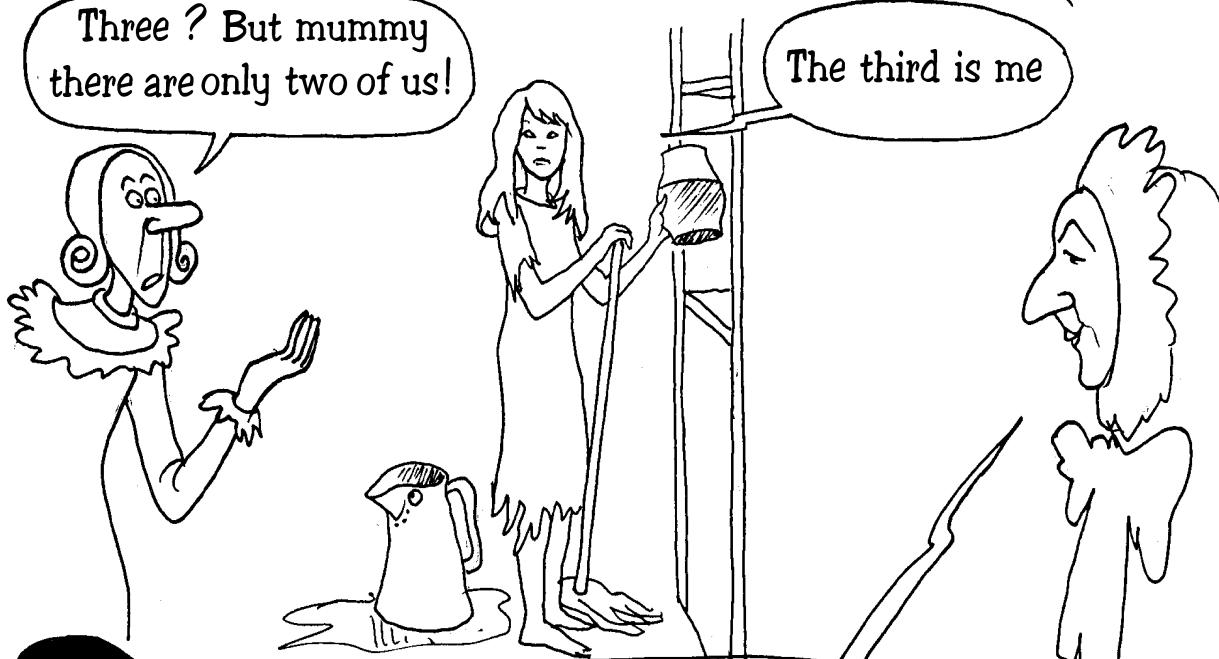
Here are three invitations for the three young ladies in your household.



Three ? But mummy
there are only two of us!

The third is me

Of course, Cinderella has the right to go to the ball. She has already got her disguise. She can come dressed as ...

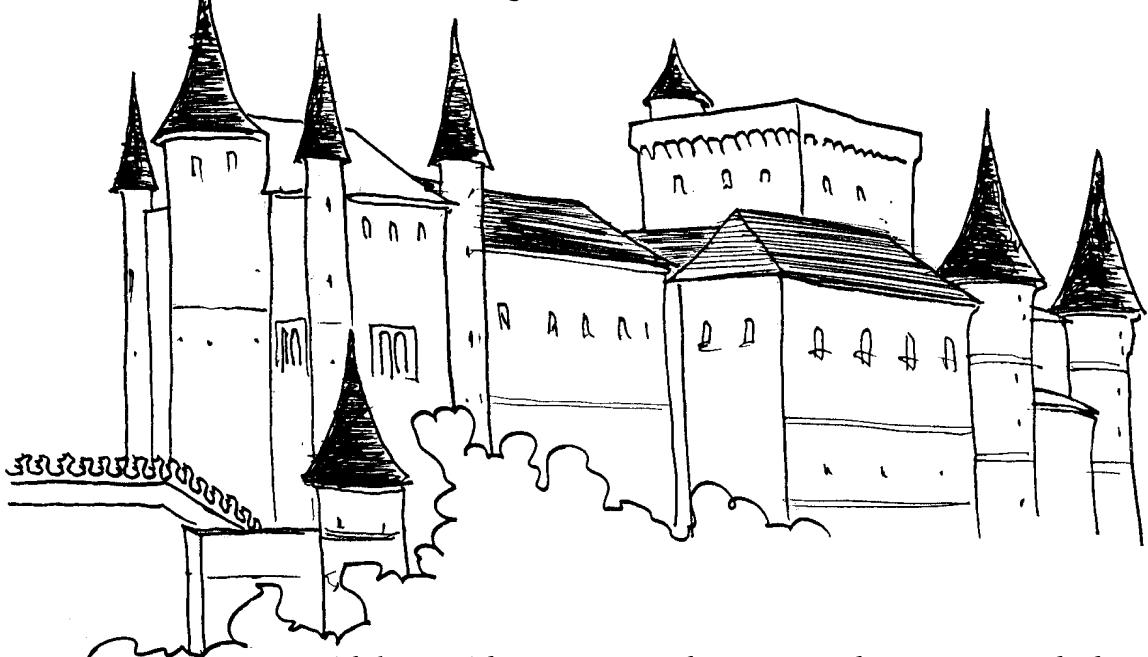




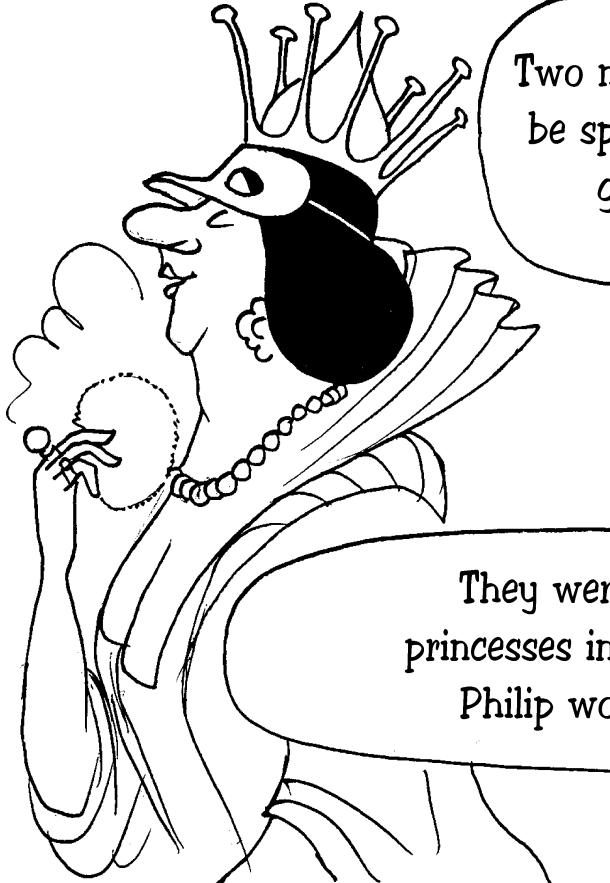
a serving girl for instance

A very original costume
for a girl of her quality

The days passed and the date of the ball arrived. The valets at the King's castle, who had decided that the ball



would be held in the garden, a garden surrounded by high walls, were busy setting tables, hanging lamps and installing a large dance floor.



Two made-to-measure masks had to be specially made for madam's two girls because of the length of their noses.



They were both dressed as princesses in the hope that Prince Philip would notice them.



Well Cinderella, the carriage is ready. Are you sure you are not coming. I'm sure that with your costume you would have been a great success.



Balls are not meant
for slatterns.

No, Cinderella will
not go to the ball



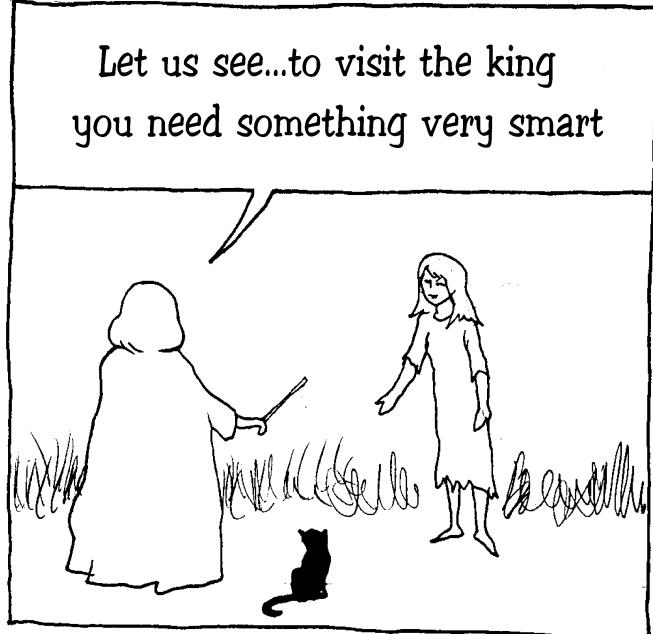
Feline, this time
it is too much

Now, now...



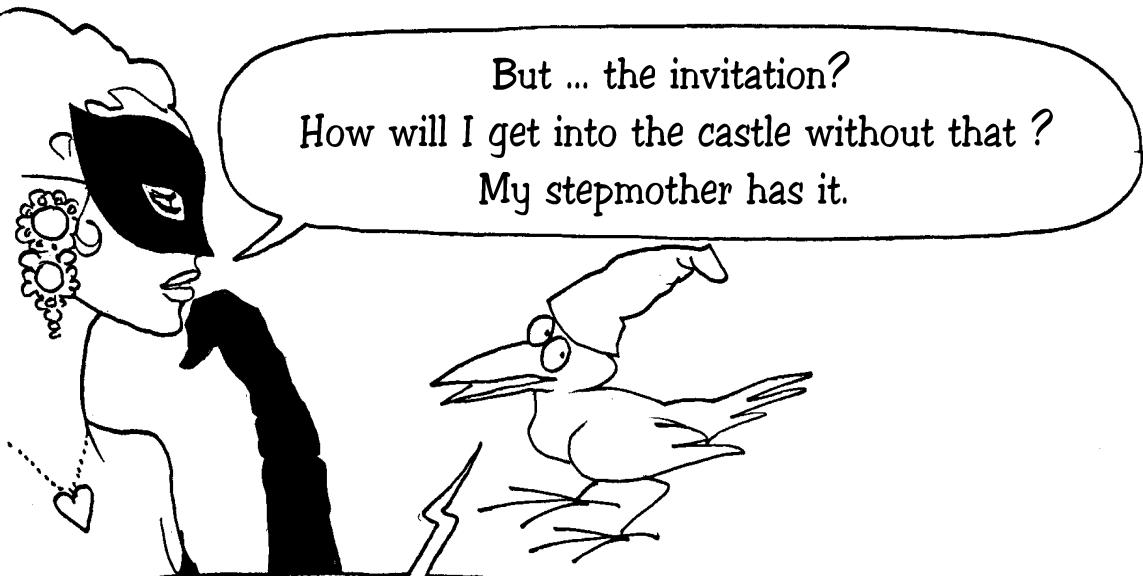
A masked ball is not a diplomatic incident.
But I can't decently let you go in that dress.
Get up, I'll sort you out

Oh
godmother !



Let us see...to visit the king
you need something very smart





But ... the invitation?
How will I get into the castle without that?
My stepmother has it.

I even know where it is. She put it in a drawer of the commode in her bedroom. It won't be easy to get back.

Madam didn't count on Cinderella going to the ball.
You'll have to steal the invitation card from her.



But how are we going to get into her bedroom. She is there at the moment and always stays up late.

You'll have to go and get it but not in that dress.
I'll have to find you something else.

Miaow!..



What is it ?

You need a costume that allows you to become completely invisible in the night.

Feline knows how to become invisible in the nighttime just do as she does

There you are !

OH!

Without making any noise and dressed in the costume,
Cinderella slipped onto the dark staircase of the tower.



Cinderella at the King's ball ?
Pigs might fly

Ah Ah...

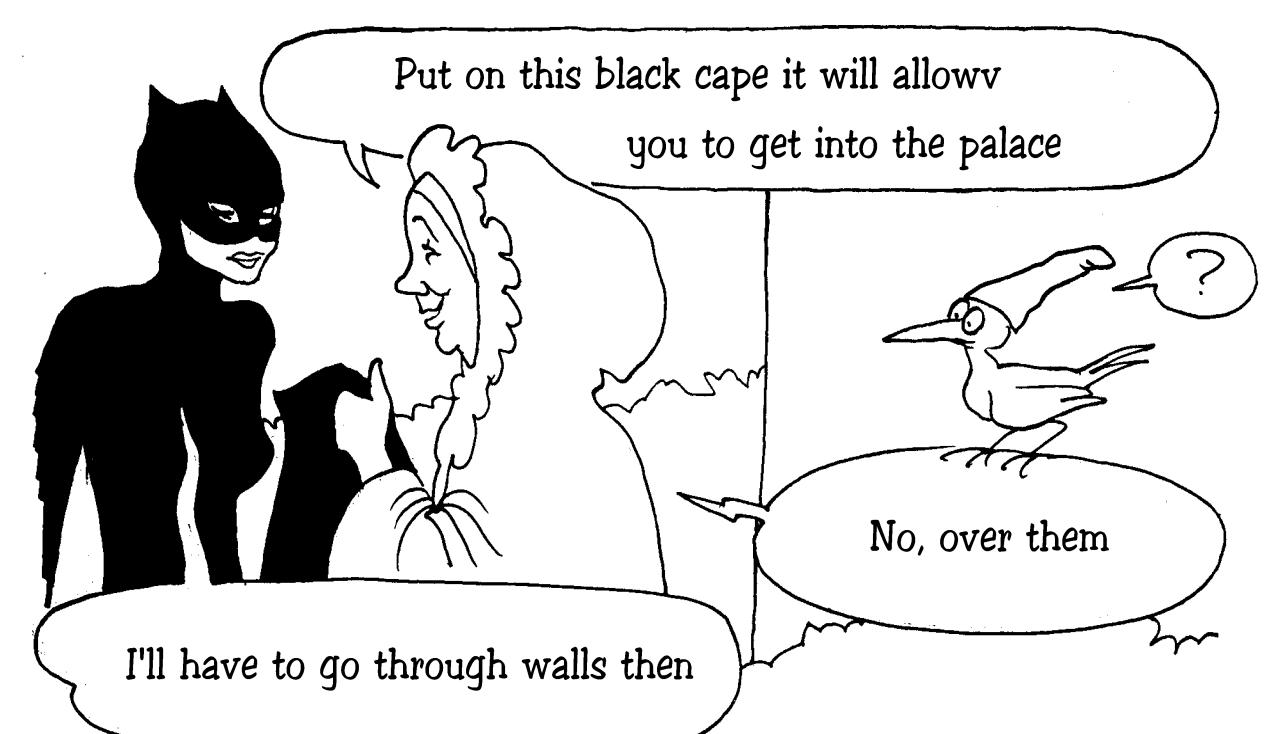


All is lost, she has burnt the invitation

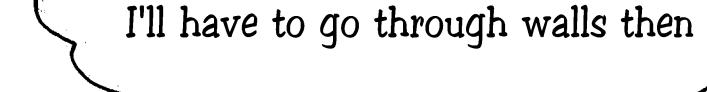
Oh the wicked woman

But don't worry, I've got
lots of other tricks

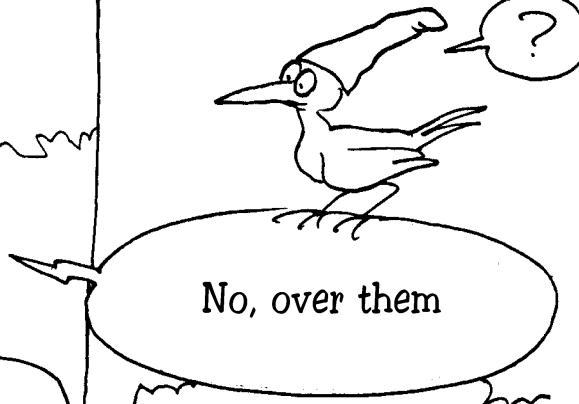




Put on this black cape it will allow you to get into the palace



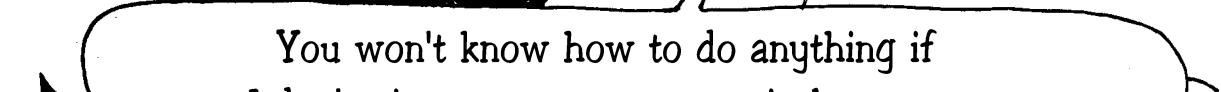
I'll have to go through walls then



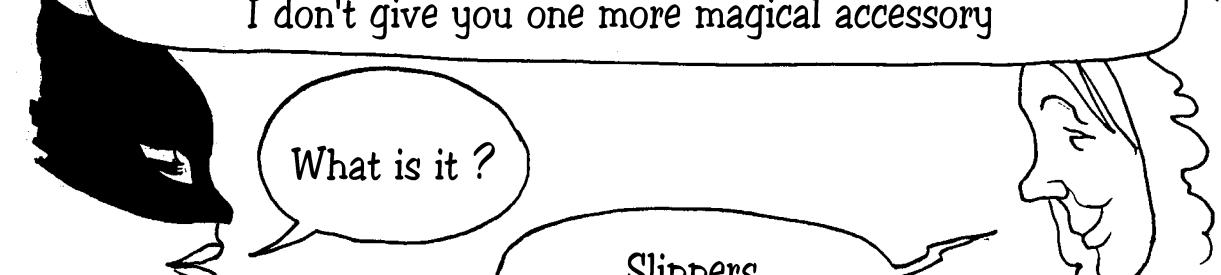
No, over them



A strange cape. What am I supposed to do?



You won't know how to do anything if I don't give you one more magical accessory



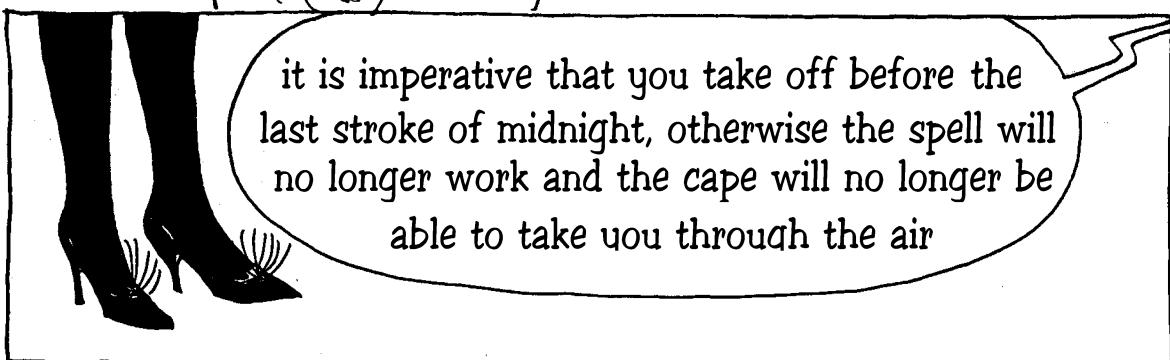
What is it?



Slippers



Thanks to the cape you will be carried through the air and able to join the party by going over the castle walls. It will also bring you back here. But listen carefully:



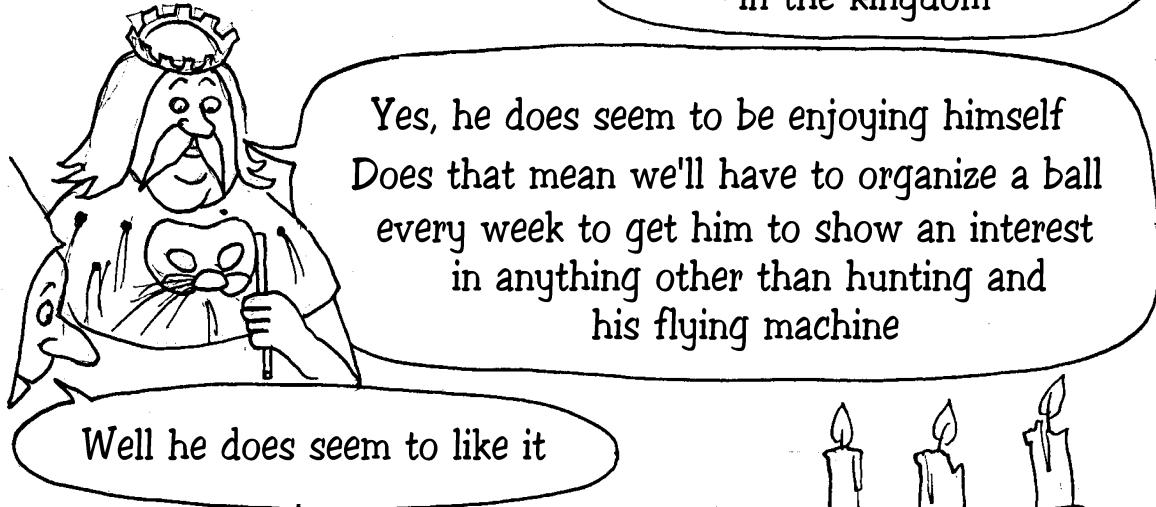
it is imperative that you take off before the last stroke of midnight, otherwise the spell will no longer work and the cape will no longer be able to take you through the air



Thank you godmother



And don't forget on the twelfth stroke of midnight



Oh, please excuse me...



Isn't that a flying woman

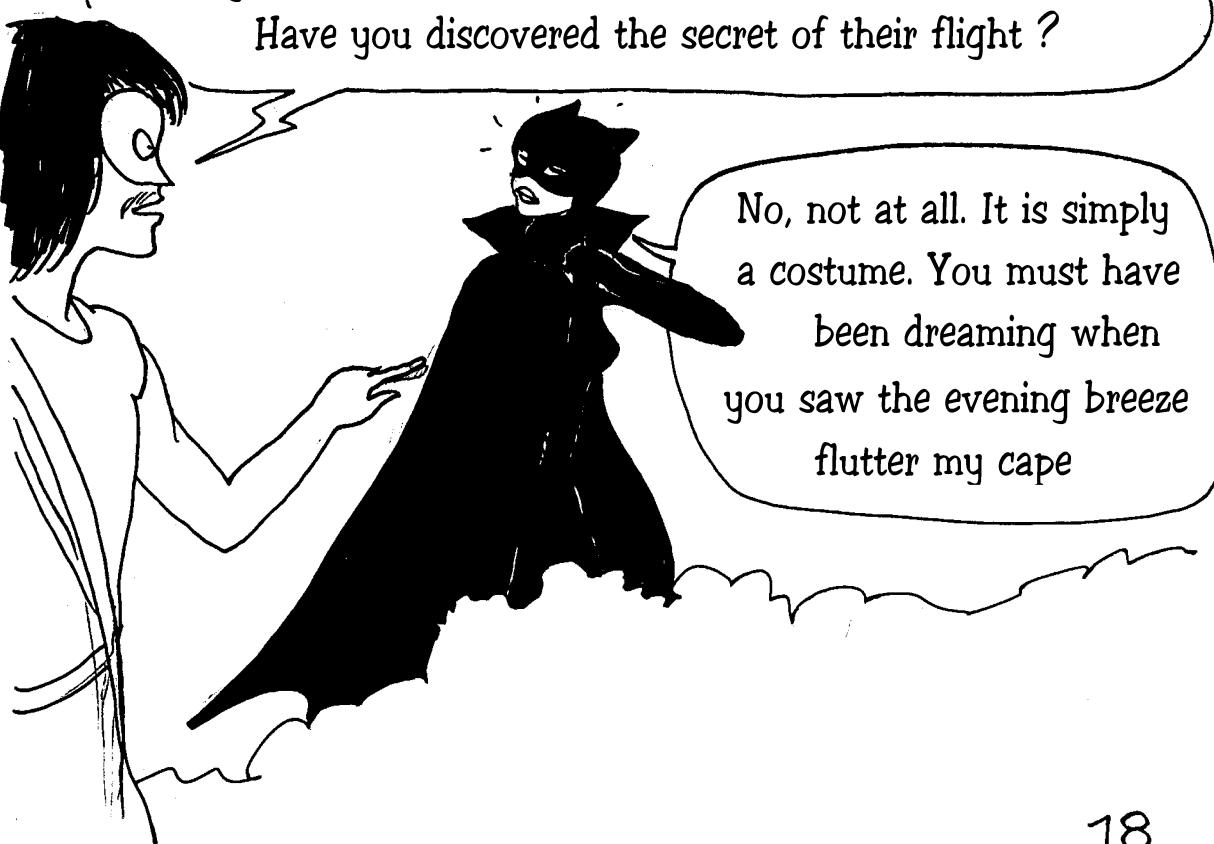
who has just
landed on the
lawn ?



By Saint Bonaventure's stomach! You are a bat-woman.

Have you discovered the secret of their flight ?

No, not at all. It is simply
a costume. You must have
been dreaming when
you saw the evening breeze
flutter my cape





Nevertheless I could have sworn
that I saw you land on the lawn...

No, I was running on the grass to
listen to the flapping of my coat.
I was imagining being a bat.

Oh dear, he saw me
I'll have to invent
something....

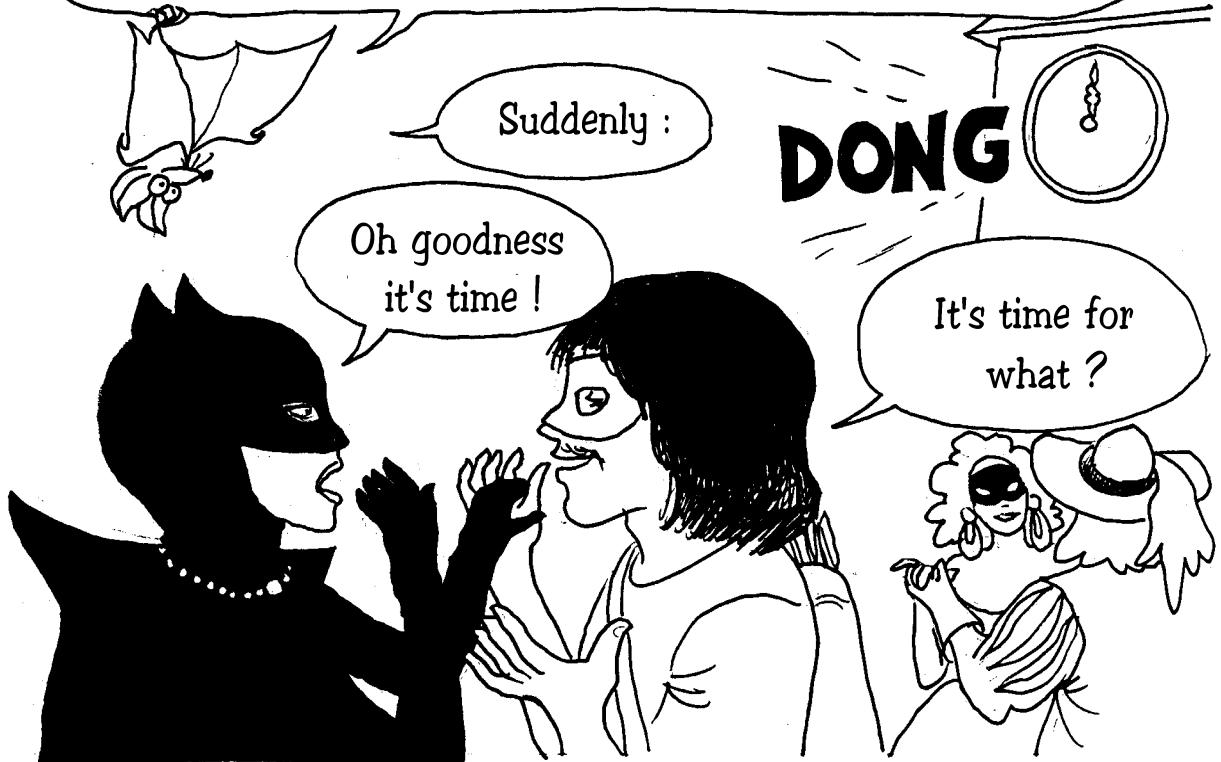
Do you think that is the kind
of question to ask at a masked
ball ? You would be better
inviting me to dance

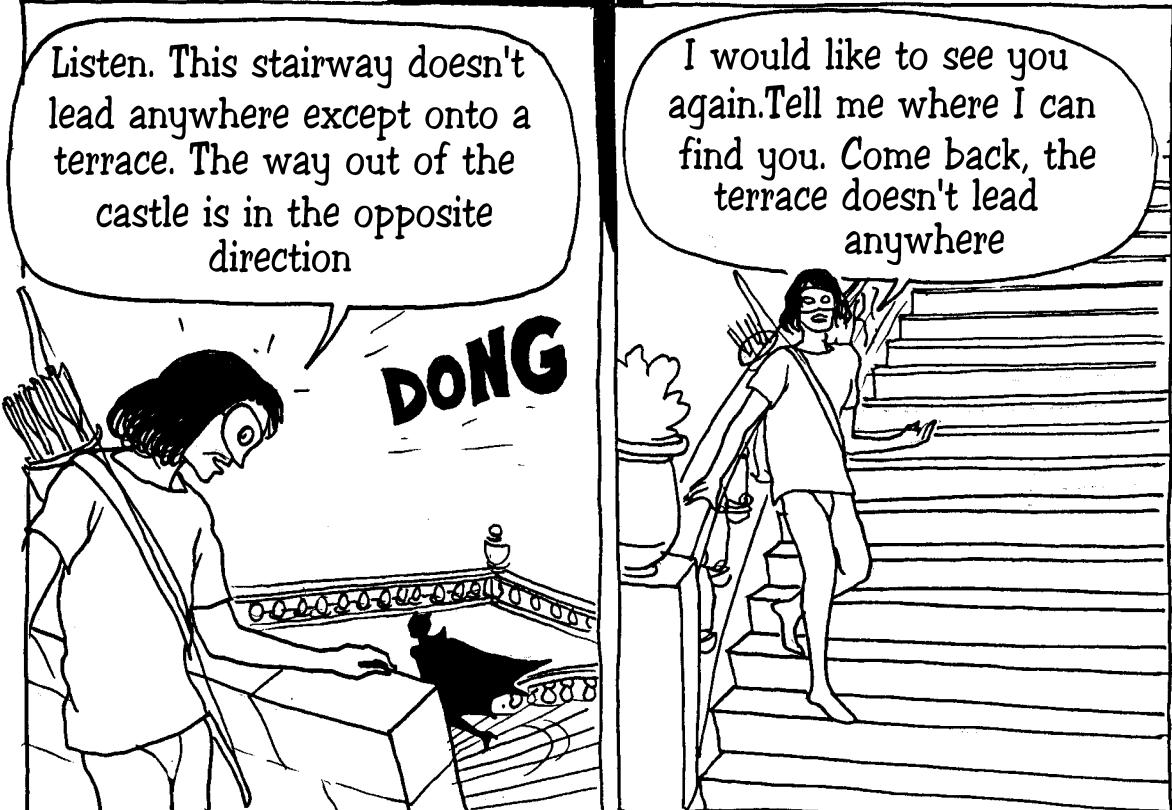
What...what is your name ?

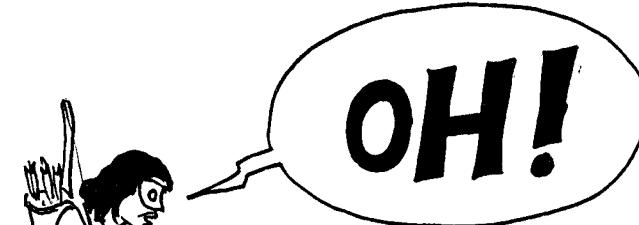
I suppose that you are
Robin Hood in person ?

Hmm...Well in a way

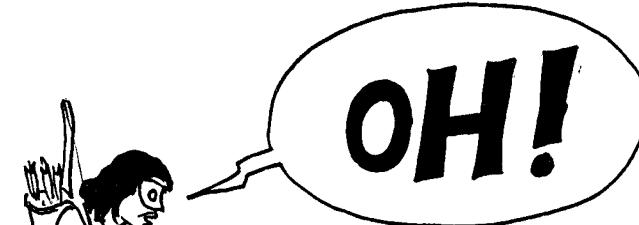
Cinderella didn't know that she was dancing in the arms of Prince Philip and never saw the time passing



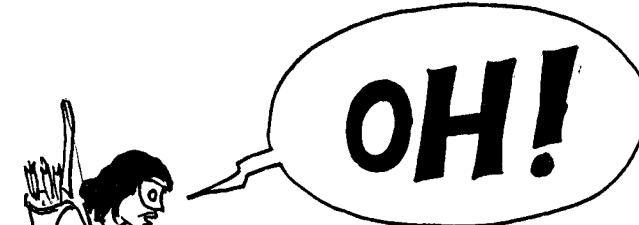




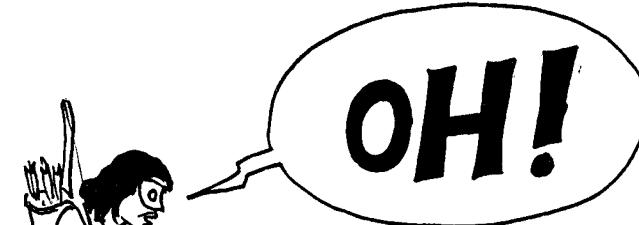
OH!



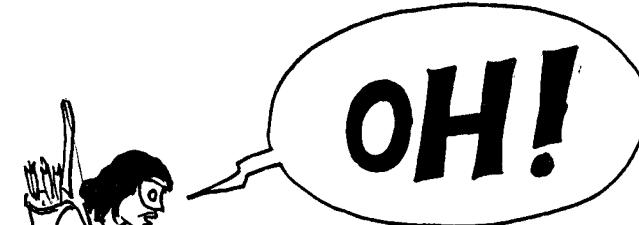
Oh, she has
disappeared



It should be noted that in this version of *Cinderella* she does not lose her slipper. So how is the prince going to find her ?



DONG !



Goodness,
I've just managed to land
before the last stroke
of midnight



I wonder who that knight was. I'll probably never know

Cinderella, I've been calling you for an hour. Make me an infusion, I can't sleep



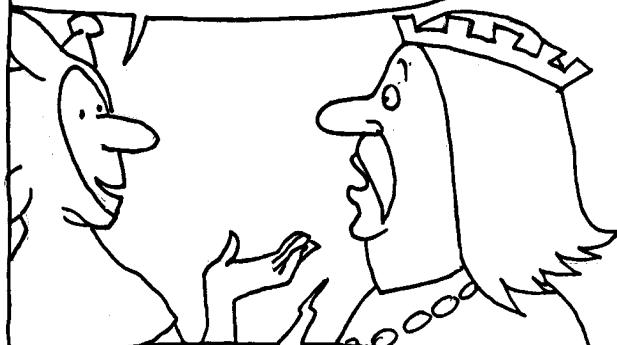
Right away mother

The following day the palace was bubbling



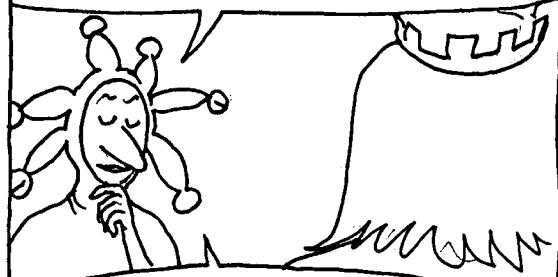
We have very few clues to find the young lady who seems to have disappeared by magic. Given the costume she was wearing we don't even know if she is blonde or brunette. At best we only know how tall she is, that is not much

Majesty, your son is in love. That is what you wished is it not ?



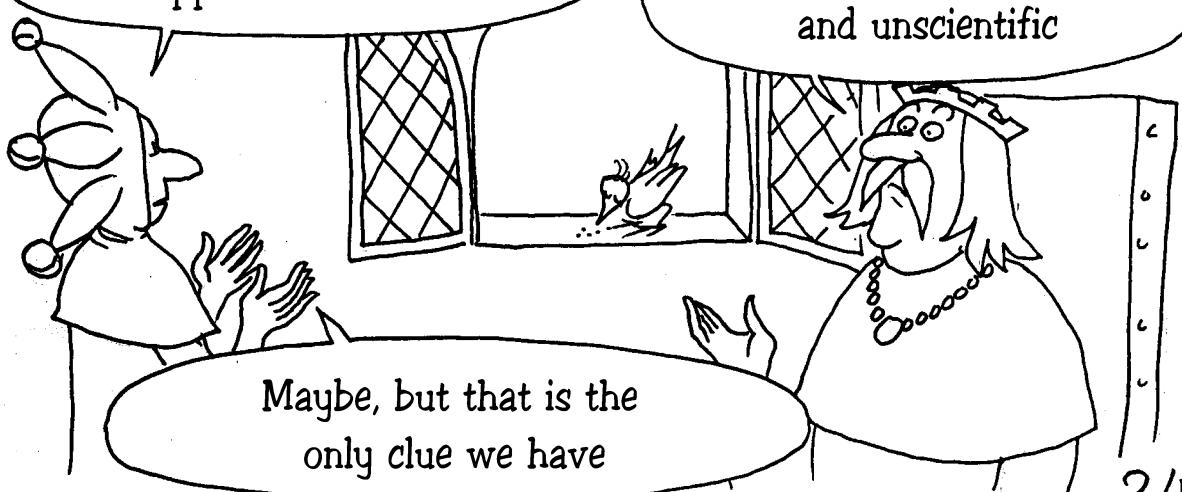
In love, certainly but we don't know who with

We could send out a search notice and describe her costume but then every silly goose in the kingdom will reply

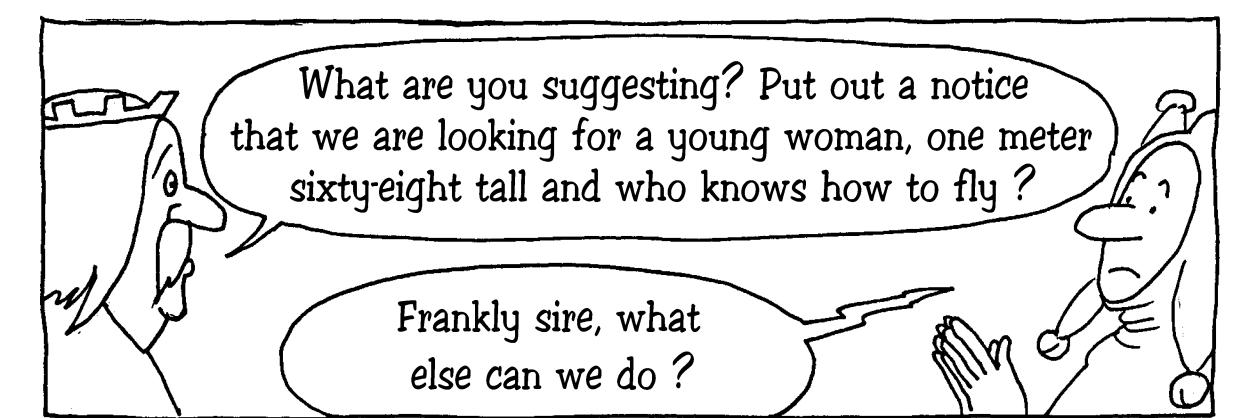


No that is the last thing we should do

Philip says she just disappeared into thin air

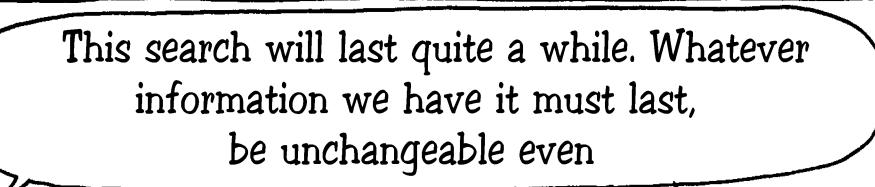


Maybe, but that is the only clue we have

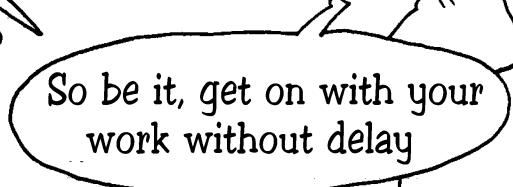


What are you suggesting? Put out a notice that we are looking for a young woman, one meter sixty-eight tall and who knows how to fly ?

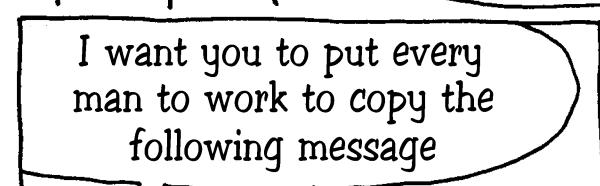
Frankly sire, what else can we do ?



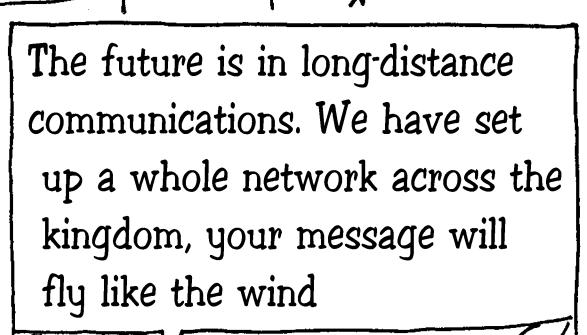
This search will last quite a while. Whatever information we have it must last, be unchangeable even



So be it, get on with your work without delay



I want you to put every man to work to copy the following message



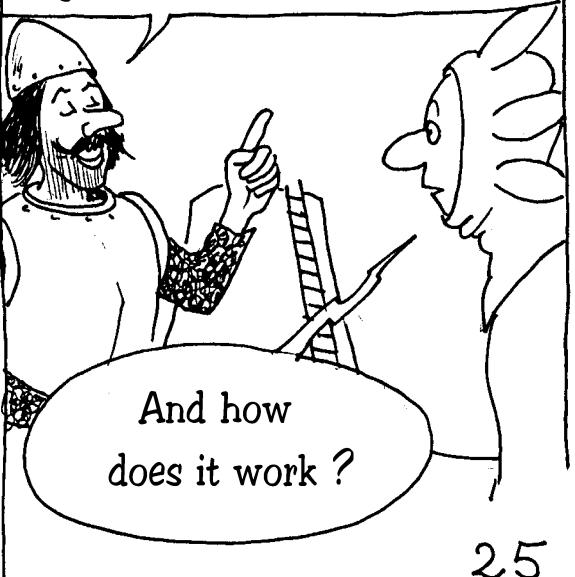
The future is in long-distance communications. We have set up a whole network across the kingdom, your message will fly like the wind



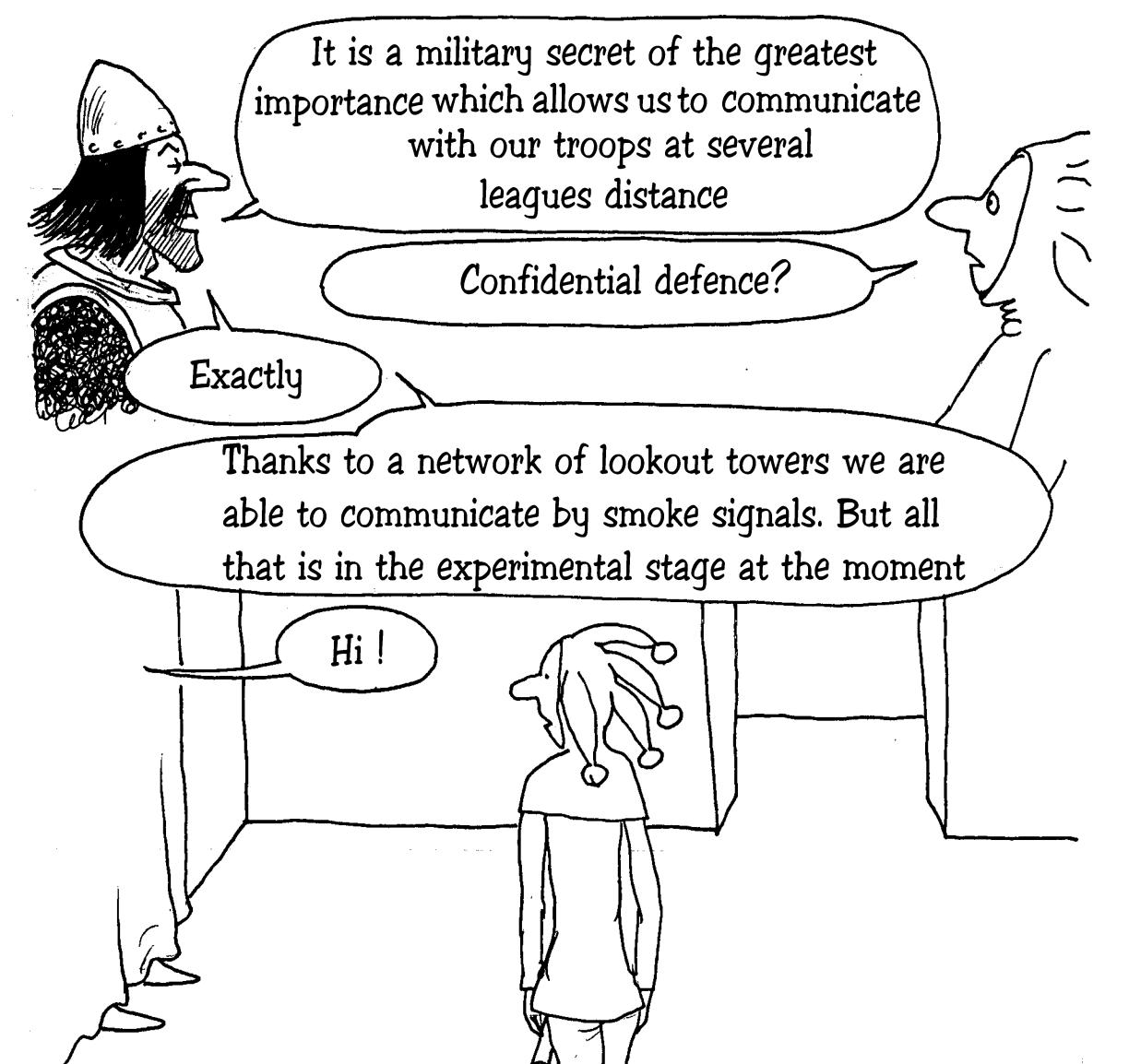
By order of the King



Very good



And how does it work ?



It is a military secret of the greatest importance which allows us to communicate with our troops at several leagues distance

Confidential defence?

Exactly

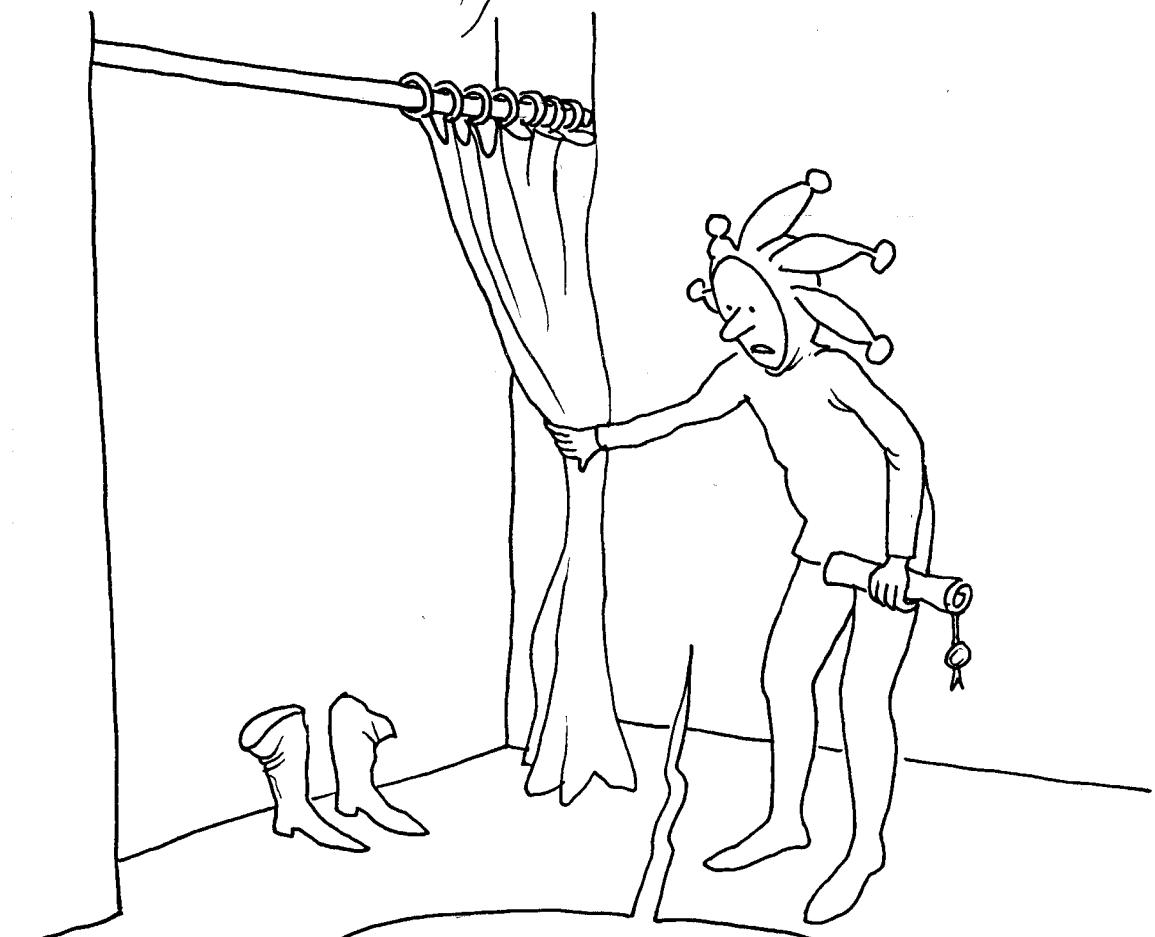
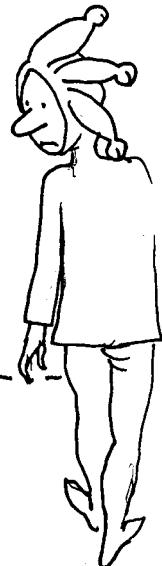
Thanks to a network of lookout towers we are able to communicate by smoke signals. But all that is in the experimental stage at the moment

Hi !

Believe me, for this type of localization the utmost discretion is required. We specialize in this type of work. Infiltration, collecting information, getting close to sensitive sectors etc.

Hmm, in such a delicate business everything is worth having. Here you are, the search notice

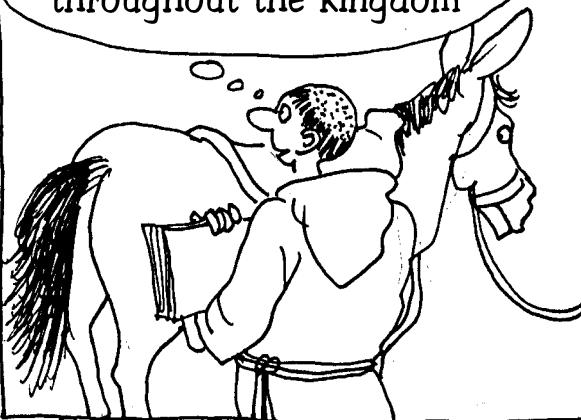
No, no written traces



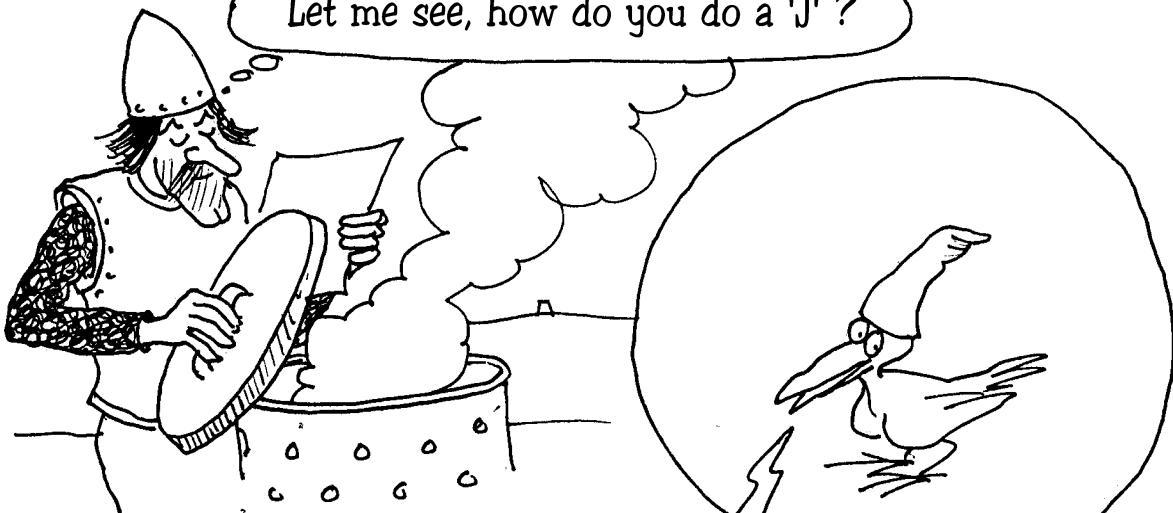


Let us see, a nice pink
granite should do the trick
It can be seen for miles
Lets get to work...

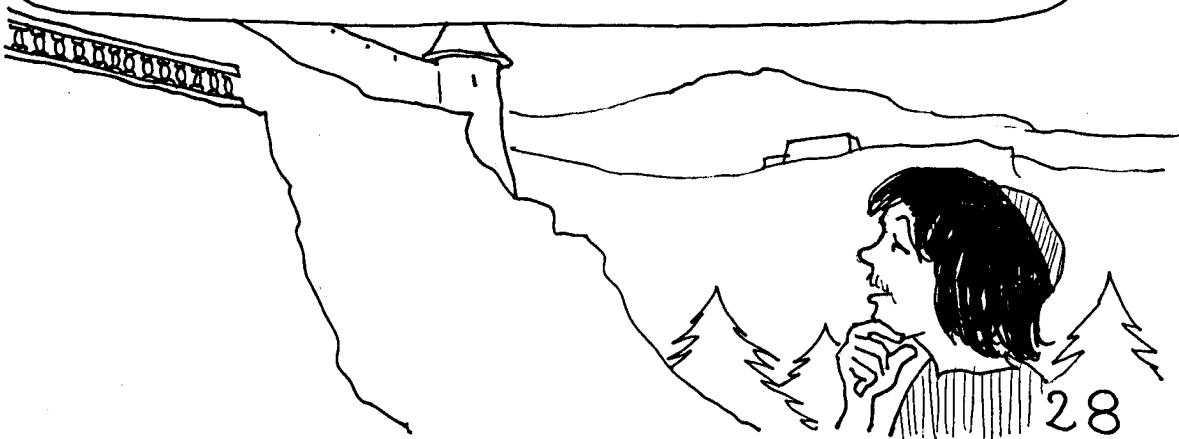
There you are, all we need
to do now is to post it up
throughout the kingdom



Let me see, how do you do a 'J' ?



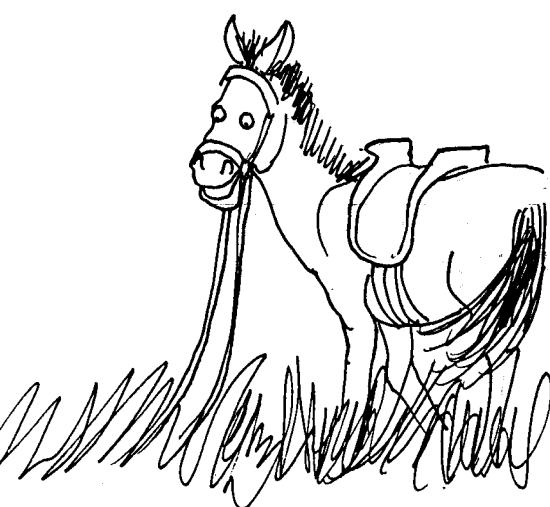
In the mean time, Philip is looking for clues



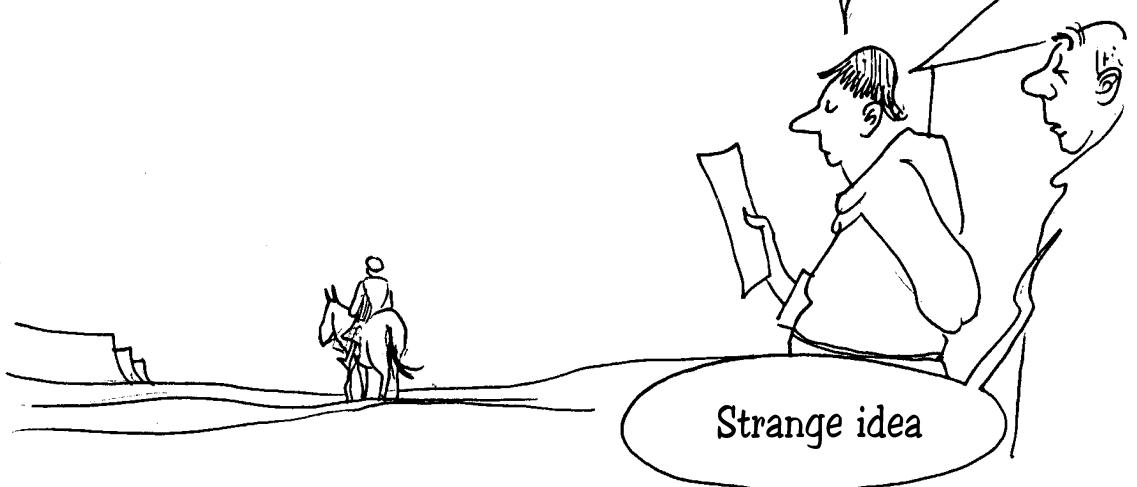
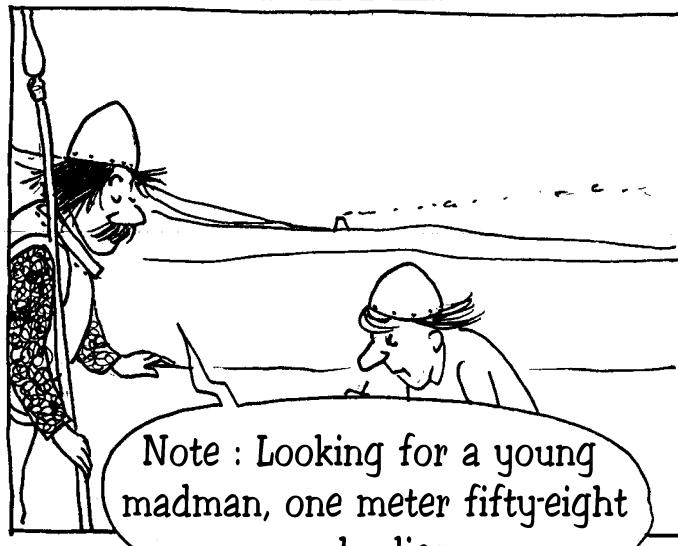


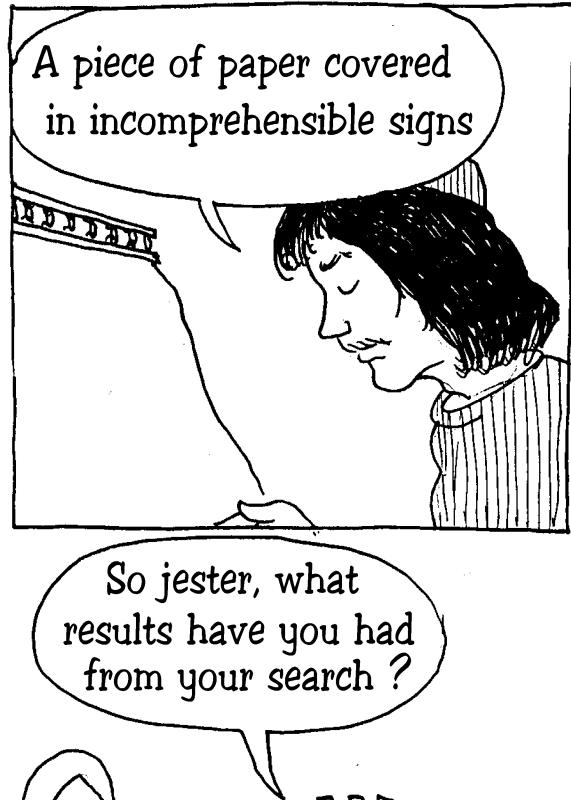
Come on, go forward
That is only a small stream
to cross, come on

If I tell brother
abbot this he'll kill me



The message seems to be still more or
less legible on this manuscript. Fortunately
I brought my writing case with me, I'll
just have to correct the other copies



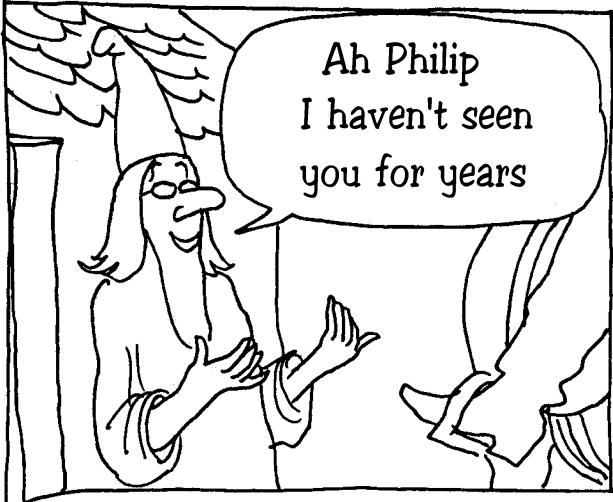




These signs
are magical



Only Merlin could
understand them



Ah Philip
I haven't seen
you for years



What are these things
you have on your eyes ?



They are called glasses and they allow me to see more clearly.
Believe me, they could help see the future

Time is like a crystal
through which we can
look at two different sides



But bringing things
from the future could
create great disorder

Merlin, I have met a woman
who can fly apparently.
Is that possible ?



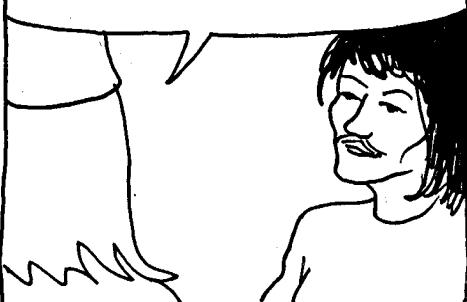
Wait, let me show you
something. Where in heaven
did I put it ?

Now you know the hat worn
by church dignitaries ?



Did you know that
they have borrowed
many accessories from
the past. Their crozier
for instance, is the
same as that used by
the Romans to predict
the future, though I
doubt very much
that the bishops have
retained that talent

Everything has a meaning
I've often wondered where
they got their hat from
and I finally found the
answer in a book from
the distant future :

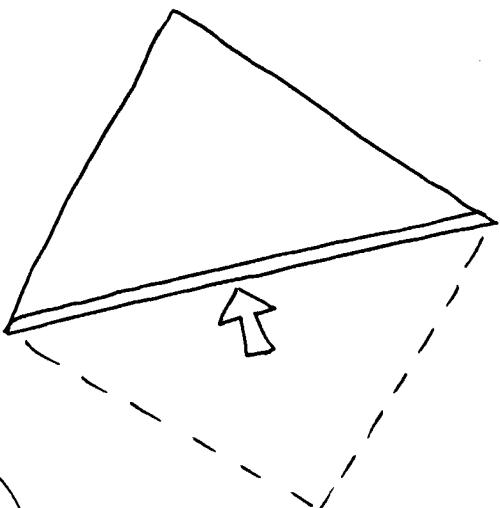


it is a flying machine

No !?!

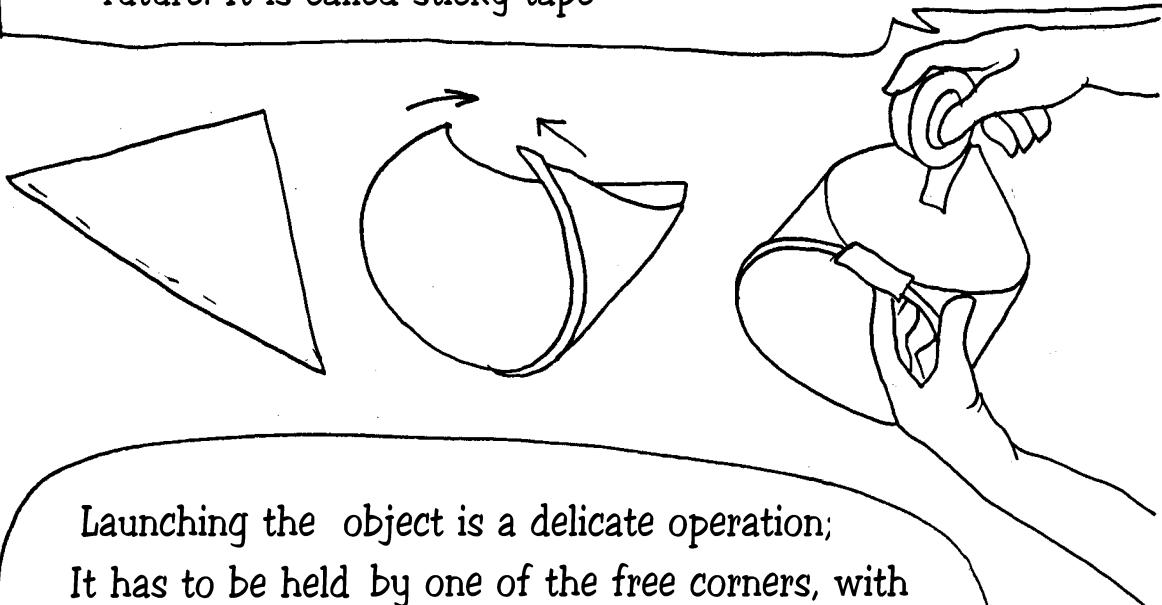
Yes, and
I'll show you

Take a sheet of paper, square, and roll it up tightly
on one of its diagonals, beginning at one of the corners

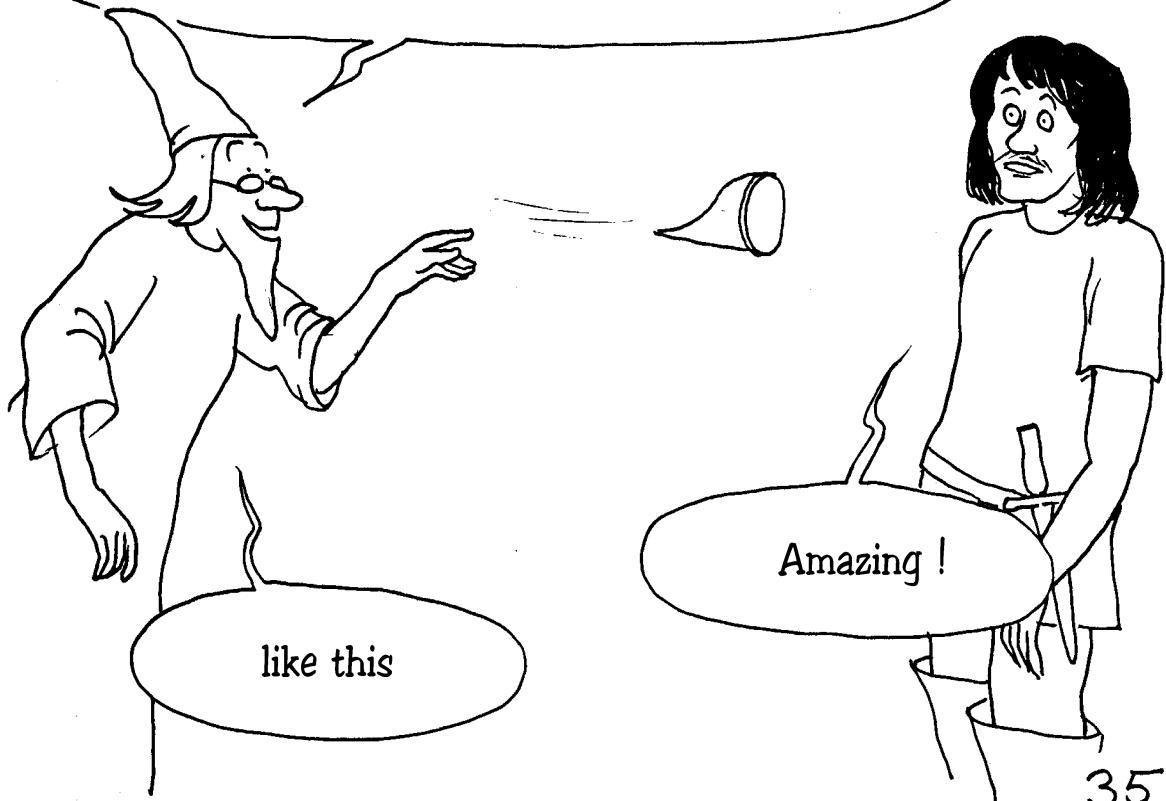


so that the rolled edge
adjusts exactly to the diagonal

The second operation consists of rolling the object on itself and fixing two corners together with the help of another marvellous thing I have brought from my journeys into the future. It is called sticky tape



Launching the object is a delicate operation; It has to be held by one of the free corners, with two fingers, and placing it on the air while giving it a horizontal impulsion



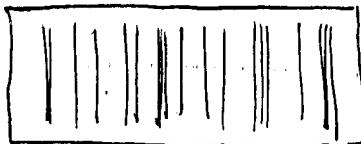
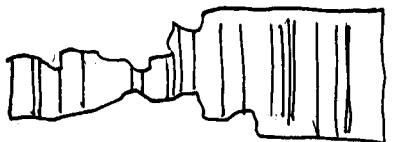
If made with care and launched
from a high cliff the object can
travel a league's distance



Let us return to this woman of
whom I spoke. When she flew
away she lost this. Are they magic
runes? My dog ate half so I doubt
if it will be much use to us



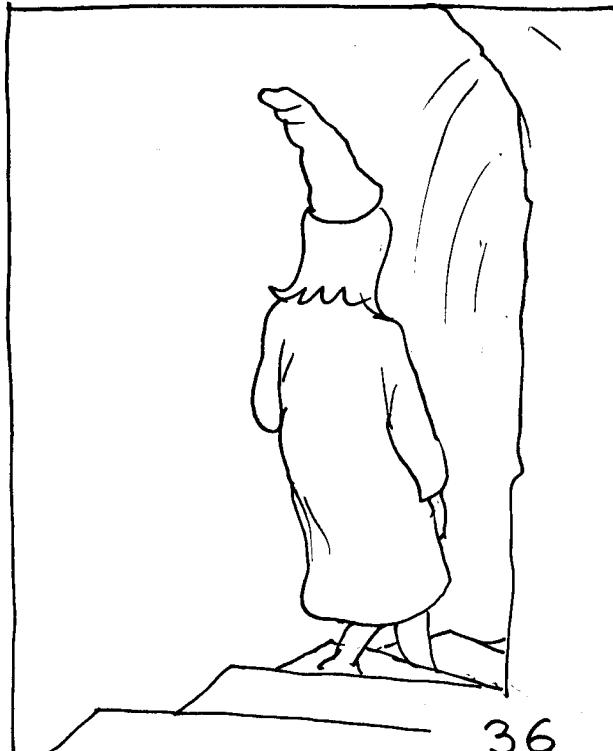
No, they are not runes. They are what people in the future will
call **BARCODES**. It is a strange sort of writing where, even if part is
missing, the message remains unaltered if the bars are visible



Can we decode
this magic formula ?



Yes, but I won't be able to
do it in your presence. Let
me withdraw for a moment
to my laboratory



There you are. The message says : Black suede
size 34 \$14.99) Our prices cannot be beat.

SNAP!

I've got it, it is the size
of her shoes. Thank you Merlin
Now I must rush



Jester, find all the young
women present at the ball
wearing size 34 shoes

and tell them to find the shoes
they were wearing that night

Later

I'm size 34

Sorry, wrong shoes

My daughter is a little distracted
Now you know those weren't the
shoes you were wearing to the ball

I take size 34 too

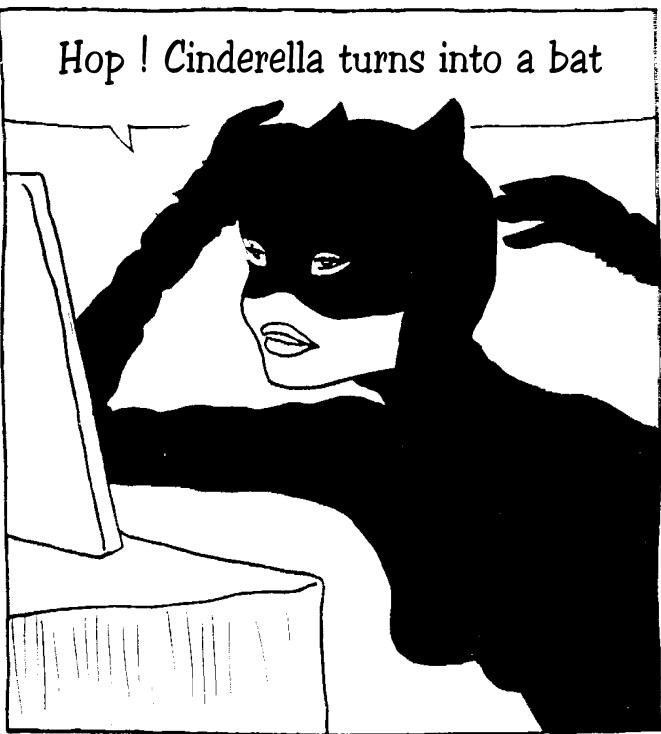
Prince Philip

! ...

But of course. Those are the black suede slippers my daughter was wearing at the King's ball and this good for nothing stole them. We have been looking everywhere. Give them back !



Hop ! Cinderella turns into a bat





That's her
that is my bat

What ?

She who know the secret
of climbing into the sky

I'm ready to try anything

END